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Concluding GRAHAM GREENE'S autobiography 'A Sort of Life'

AS HAPPY ON THE TIMES, I could have remained happy for a lifetime, if I had not in end succeeded in publishing a book, but not the one I was about to finish when I left Nottingham in 1926.

My regular hours were from four in the afternoon to eleven at night, though occasionally I was forced to later. But more often, while services remained as little valuable as they had been at Nottingham, I would be sent away before time, and this worried me. I seemed to me only too likely I would not survive the period of the home sub-editors (there had been about ten of us) and my nerves and I began to use I was as safe as though I entered the Civil Service. No on The Times was ever known to be sacked or to resign. I remember with pleasure—it was a symbol of peaceful life—the slow burn in the sub-editors' room, gentle thud of coals as they sped one by one in the old grate.

My House, All Saints Terrace, my sour Nottingham widow been exchanged for a bedroom in Battersea and a far in melancholy loneliness. She was tidy, enterprising and absent-minded. Articles of furniture regularly disappeared from my room towards the end of a month to reappear a week later; she had put in lock to overcome a temporary difficulty.

When I went out in the evening Battersea Station to catch a train Blackfriars I would pass an imposing building with a notice on the railings: "It is hidden to throw stones at the technician." Wandering along the streets I was passing unobtrusively through the scenery of a picture book. It's a Battlefield. I five pounds a week was quite adequate to keep a single man. I charged, I think, thirty shillings a week for my room and breakfast, and my dinner in the restaurant seldom cost me more than elevenpence—for elevenpence I had two kippers, a pot of tea, and a slice of syrup roll.

had been on The Times only months when the General strike was declared. It was the paper which continued to be published without interruption from the first day of the strike, although the beginning it appeared in the form of a single multigraphed sheet. Our success aroused the jealousy of Winston Churchill, who had a quarter of our paper stocks in his extravagant British Gazette. The Gazette was badly edited, printed and maldistributed, at bundles of his journal, manufactured with our paper, were spread loose around the streets anyone to pick up. Being one of the editorial staff was automatically a strike-breaker, and there were moments of drama, even in the quiet of printing House Square. Among the faces on the wall of every room there had always hung instructions



Graham Greene at the time his first novel, *The Man Within*, was published and (right) with the strike-breaking editorial staff dispatching The Times news-sheet in 1926. He is second from the right



THE DAY 'THE TIMES' CAUGHT FIRE

on what to do in case of fire—if a bell rang three times we were to file out in an orderly way and proceed I forget where. It was an instruction which seemed as far removed from reality as the little book on style with which each of us was supplied, and in which we read that we must not spell "bunkum" "buncombe" or "Marquess" "Marquis".

Now, when an unmistakable fire alarm sounded in the afternoon on the second day of the strike, no one paid any attention. We were all of us a little sleepy, for we had been up the whole previous night while the multigraph machines turned out the famous single sheet of May 5, 1926, Number 44263 of The Times, price twopence.

We had worked as loaders and packers, for there was little sub-editing to do, even though the single sheet finally managed to include, apart from news of the strike, a weather report, broadcasting, sport, Stock Exchange, and a Court Page of five lines which might have been written by Sir John Betjeman ("The Prince of Wales returned to London from Biarritz last night, travelling from Paris by air"). The machines did not stop till eight in the morning, and then we had all walked home, for there were no trams, no buses, no taxis. Little wonder that not one of us paid any attention at first to the fire alarm.

The bell rang once, twice, three times. Someone asked with mild curiosity, "A fire?" After a while the assistant chief sub-editor,

Colonel Maude, rose and moved with his usual elegant and leisurely gait into the corridor. He was a man of great courtesy, very tall and slim with a soft blond moustache; you would have taken him for a military attaché but never for a journalist. I remember that he always apologised to me in a low drawing voice when he handed me any work at all—even a small paragraph for the News in Brief on a prize vegetable marrow—and now, when he returned to the room and sat down, it took quite a time to realise that The Times—so he was telling us—had been set on fire.

He was seated again at the long table, which was usually presided over by the chief sub-editor, George Anderson, but it was opening-time and at opening-time Anderson always took a short leave of absence. The strikers apparently had squirted petrol through a grating into the basement and had managed to set alight one of the great rolls of paper.

Maude obviously was not disturbed, there was no copy to deal with, and my fellow sub-editors chatted a little while on the subject of fires in general and the feasibility of burning down The Times. One of the sub-editors was an elderly man who ran a small farm in the country and therefore always dealt with the agricultural page. He told us a few anecdotes about rick-fires, which passed the time until the all-clear sounded.

Later that night there was a small fight between the loaders, of whom I was one, and the pickets in Printing House Square; the Sporting Department acted as storm-troops and there were few casualties. Nor was there any bad feeling. The revolutionary atmosphere south of the river died away on the bridges.

More from curiosity than from any wish to support the Establishment I became a special constable and I used to parade of a morning with a genuine policeman the length of Vauxhall Bridge. There was a wonderful hushed London that we were not to know again until the blitz, and there was the exciting sense of living on a frontier, close to violence. Armoured cars paraded the streets, and just as during the blitz certain areas, Bloomsbury and Euston among them, were more unhealthy than others like Hampstead and St John's Wood, so Camberwell and Hammersmith were now considered more dangerous than the City.

sub-editor, apart from myself, was so fastidious that he could eat nothing, he said, which had been touched by the human hand: for dinner in the canteen he took only a cup of tea. Yet he was plump enough, so that he must have had somewhere at home a hygienic source of supply. I connected his fastidiousness with his employment, for he was in charge of the Court Page and he had a desk all to himself, loaded with such reference books as the Almanach de Gotha, Debrett's Peerage and Burke's Landed Gentry.

There were other faces which returned to me often later in dreams. At least once a year, until quite recently, I dreamt I was entering the sub-editors' room after a long absence. I would find an empty chair but not in my old place, and I would feel a sense of shame because I had been away so long and had returned only

*'A few years later
my sympathies would
have lain with the
strikers... the middle
classes had not yet
been educated by
the hunger marchers'*

temporarily (the faces I saw around me were many of them by this time the faces of the dead). I would take Crockett down from the shelf over the coal-grate and check the name of an obscure vicar who had grown a prize vegetable marrow.

I CAN THINK OF NO BETTER career for a young novelist than to be for some years a sub-editor on a rather conservative newspaper. The hours, from four till around midnight, give him plenty of time to do his own work in the morning when he is still fresh from sleep—let the office employ him during his hours of fatigue. He has the company of intelligent and agreeable men of greater experience than his own: he is not enclosed by himself in a small room tormented by the problems of expression; and, except for rare periods of rush, even his working hours leave him time for books and conversation (most of us brought a book to read between one piece of copy and another).

Nor is the work monotonous. Rather as in the game of Scrabble the same letters are continually producing different words; no one knows at four o'clock what the evening may produce, and death does not keep a conventional hour. The young sub-editor gains too some small insights into the vanities of the famous. J. M. Barrie before making a speech would send to The Times a typescript which included some passages that his audience must have taken for whimsical impromptus. (His speeches were always printed verbatim in the first person—a distinction he shared only with the Prime Minister.) "I see the Archbishop of Canterbury smiling sceptically in my direction and wickedly shaking his head."

There was yet another advantage. I felt accepted now. I even received a silver match-box from the management. My three months' trial was not yet finished, but in the camaraderie of free beer and unusual duties I had become an established member of the staff. Oxford had at least taught me to drink pint by pint with any man. Of my companions in the sub-editors' room (most of them seemed much older than I was) I remember faces and characteristics more than names. The youngest

of the Chiozza Money case, for the headline, "Blocking in Hyde Park." And while the young writer is spending these amusing and unexacting hours, he is learning lessons valuable to his own craft. He is removing the clichés of reporters; he is compressing a story to the minimum length possible without ruining its effect. A writer with a sprawling style is unlikely to emerge from such an apprenticeship. It is the opposite training to the penny-a-liner.

The man who was of chief importance to me in those days was the chief sub-editor, George Anderson. I hated him in my first week, but I grew almost to love him before three years had passed. A small elderly Scotsman with a flushed face and a laconic humour, he drove a new sub-editor hard with his sarcasm. Sometimes I almost fancied myself back at school again, and I was always glad when five-thirty came, for immediately the clock marked the hour when the pubs opened he would take his bowler hat from the coat-rack and disappear for thirty minutes to his favourite bar.

His place would be taken by the gentle and courteous Colonel Maude. Maude was careful to see that the new recruit was given no story which could possibly stretch his powers, and if he had been chief sub-editor I doubt if I would ever have got further than a News in Brief paragraph.

At the stroke of six, when Anderson returned and hung up his bowler, his face would have turned a deeper shade of red, to match the rose he carried always in his buttonhole, and his shafts of criticism, as he scanned my copy with perhaps a too flagrant headline, would have acquired a tang of friendliness.

More than two years went by, and my novel *The Man Within* had been accepted by a publisher, before I discovered, one slack evening, when there was hardly enough news to fill the Home pages for the ten o'clock edition, that a poet *manqué* had dug those defences of disappointed sarcasm. When a young man, Anderson had published a volume of translations from Verlaine; he had sent it to Swinburne at The Pines and he had been entertained there for tea and kind words by Wattle-Buntton, though I don't think he was allowed to see the poet. He never referred to the episode again, but I began to detect in him a harsh but paternal apprehension for another young man, flushed with pride in a first book, who might suffer the same disappointment.

When I came to resign he spent a long time arguing with me, and I think his real reason for trying to prevent my departure was that he foresaw a time might come when novel-writing would fail me and I would need, like himself, a quiet and secure life with the pubs opening at half-past five and the coal settling in the grate.

No other group of men—even the air-raid wardens at my post in Gower Street during the blitz nor my fellows later in the Secret Service—have so planted themselves, nameless though they may have become, in my memory. Perhaps this is always the case with a young man's first real job: the impression in the wax will never go quite so deep again.

Even those with whom I had only a transient contact are impressed there: Geoffrey Dawson, the editor (whatever his later politics of appeasement I can only remember his kindness to a young employee); Vladimir Poliakoff, the diplomatic correspondent, in a grey homburg hat with a very large brim, who would come into our room to consult the files, carrying with him an air of worldliness and mystery (why was he not reading them next door in the foreign room where he naturally belonged? Perhaps he wished to remain for obscure

reasons of state incognito); the medical correspondent, Doctor McNair Wilson, who was, I think, more an authority on Napoleon than on medicine; and in my last year the future editor, Barrington-Ward, a cold complacent man, prematurely bald, who suddenly appeared, like an unspoken threat, unexplained and inexplicable, in the room of kindly old Murray Brumwell, the assistant editor.

Barrington-Ward had, I can see now, the smooth assured air of a Dauphin, but I thought of him even in those early days as Pecksniff, though Pecksniff had a good head of hair. Later, when I had fallen on evil days and tried to return to The Times, he wrote me a letter which Pecksniff could not have bettered. "Since your day," he wrote with a vague reminiscence of Longfellow, "the tents have been folded and moved on."

THAT SUMMER I FINISHED my second novel and wrote to my mother. "The gamble of the thing is getting it typewritten, as one has to have two copies against wear and tear. Could you advance me five pounds and let me pay you back at the rate of about ten shillings a week?" They were five pounds, and I can only hope I paid her back.

I sent the typescript to Heinemann. It was July, 1926. There was an acknowledgement and afterwards a long silence—it seemed as irrevocably lost as though I had dropped it into the coal-fire of the sub-editor's room.

Months went by... the new year came... February... March... I even began a third book which I soon abandoned, a detective novel, the first of so many unfinished novels—*Fanatic Arabia*, which in spite of its title taken from Doughty began in a London bus station and was never intended to move farther than the Midlands; *Across the Border*, an African story, which opened in Berkhamsted; a school novel of a timid boy's blackmail of the housemaster who had protected him: a spy story called *A Sense of Security*. Even today, until I have passed a quarter of the course, I am uncertain whether I will be able to reach the end.

The detective story I still believe to have been ingenious. A young governess was found murdered in a country house, and a multiplicity of strange clues baffled the police. Only the local priest recognised behind them a child's psychology and realised where they led—to a small girl of twelve who had committed the crime because her beloved governess was in love with a man. The priest, of course, did not betray the child.

Now I can detect the various threads of my short experience which intermingled: my sister's governess, jealousy of the man she was to marry, even Father Trollope and my new conversion; yet, if I had been asked about the story then, I would have said it bore no relation whatever to my life.

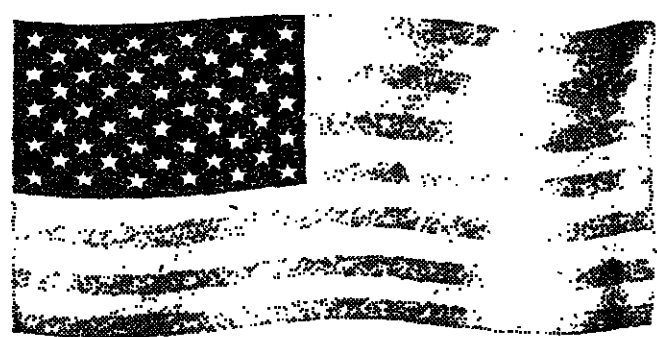
It is better to remain in ignorance of oneself and to forget easily. Let the unemployed continue to lurk around the pubs in Vauxhall Bridge Road and the kidnappers drive out of Heidelberg towards the frontier, safely and completely forgotten; we ought to leave the forgotten to the night. If one day they find their way into a book, it should be without our connivance and so disguised that we don't recognise them when we see them again.

All that we can easily recognise as our experience in a novel is mere reporting: it has a place, but an unimportant one. It provides an anecdote, it fills in gaps in the narrative. It may legitimately provide a background, and sometimes we have to fall back on it when the imagination falters. Perhaps a novelist has a greater ability to forget than other men—he has to forget or become sterile. What he forgets is the compost of the imagination.

EIGHT MONTHS WENT BY WITH no reply from Heinemann, and at last I wrote to remind them of my typescript. I felt sure that this would bring me no luck, and I was not surprised when a bulky package came quickly back. The managing director, Charles Evans, wrote himself, apologising for the delay. There had been two contradictory reports, so he had wished to read the novel himself and now, in spite of his interest, he regretted... At the same time he hoped I would show him my next book.

That this was a polite formula for a mislaid manuscript seems obvious to me now, but I was a novice and I was so encouraged by his words that I never sent the manuscript elsewhere, content to abide by Heinemann's decision. I would write one novel more, I decided, and, if the third book proved as unsuccessful as the others, I would abandon this ambition forever. I was established on

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GRAHAM GREENE

continued from preceding page

The Times, and marriage would be possible in another year.

I knew nothing of a letter lying in my parents' files, like a little time-bomb, which was to make that future seem doubtful. Perhaps they had forgotten it themselves, as one forgets an unpleasant fact one has lived with for a long time and cannot alter, and it was only my sudden illness which brought it back to mind.

The doctor to whom I complained of recurrent pains was a dangerous man to consult. I had picked him at random as I wandered down a Battersea Street troubled by a sharper stab of pain than usual. His brass plate caught my eye on a house not far from the railway viaduct. Smoke coated his panes, an aspidistra drooped on his window-sill, starved of tea-leaves, and his door vibrated gently as the trains emerged from Clapham Junction.

The doctor opened the door himself, a young Hindu, and showed me into a dingy consulting room where he must have been waiting with eastern patience for the sick to seek him out. He judged my pulse and took my temperature and prodded where the pain lay; then he gave me a bottle of medicine ready prepared which he said would do the trick. I think he charged six shillings for the consultation and the bottle.

Luckily over the telephone I told my brother, who was now an intern at Westminster Hospital, what had happened, and that night I found myself in a public ward at his hospital to be operated on for appendicitis with the least possible delay. The Hindu doctor stayed in my mind—a symbol of the shabby, the inefficient and possibly the illegal, and he left his trace, with another doctor, on some pages of A Gun for Sale.

As I lay in the ward after the operation (in those days they kept the patient at least a week) I began to plan my third novel, the forlorn hope. I called it The Man Within, and it began with a hunted man, who was to appear again and again in later less romantic books. But curiously enough there came to me also in the ward, with the death of a patient, the end of a book which I would not begin to write for another six years.

It was our second death. The first we had barely noticed: an old man dying from cancer of the mouth. He had been too

old and ill to join in the high jinks of the ward, the courtship of nurses, the teasings, the ticklings and the pinches. When the screens went up around his bed the silence in his corner was no deeper than it had always been. But the second death disturbed the whole ward. The first was inevitable fate, the second was contingency.

The victim was a boy of ten. He had been brought into the ward one afternoon, having broken his leg at football. He was a cheerful child with a rosy face and his parents stayed and chatted with him for a while until he settled down to sleep. One of the nurses ten minutes later paused by his bed and leant over him. Suddenly there was a burst of activity, a doctor came hurrying in, screens went up around the bed, an oxygen machine was run squeaking across the floor, but the child had out-distanced them all to death.

By the time the parents reached home, a message was waiting to summon them urgently back. They came and sat beside the bed, and to shut out the sound of the mother's

There is a splinter of ice in the heart of a writer. I watched and listened

tears and cries all my companions in the ward lay with their earphones on, listening—there was nothing else for them to hear—to Children's Hour.

All my companions but not myself. There is a splinter of ice in the heart of a writer. I watched and listened. This was something which one day I might need: the woman speaking, uttering the banalities she must have remembered from some woman's magazine, a genuine grief that could communicate only in clichés. "My boy, my boy, why did you not wait till I came?"

The father sat silent with his hat on his knees, and you could tell that even in his unhappiness he was embarrassed by the banality of his wife's words, by the scene she was so badly playing to the public ward, and he wanted desperately to get away home and be alone. "Human language," Flaubert wrote, "is like a cracked kettle on which we beat out tunes for bears to dance to, when all the time we

are longing to move the stars to pity."

After two weeks I returned to The Times, but perhaps because I had returned too soon, I fainted my first evening at work. I was given another week's holiday and went to Brighton. I thought no more of the affair, unaware of the time-bomb ticking in my mother's desk. (I have the little machine before me now, a letter written five years before, in 1921, to my father by Kenneth Richmond.)

My mother wrote to me in Brighton asking me when I returned to London to go and see my old analyst, Kenneth Richmond no longer lived in the trim little house in Devonshire Terrace off Lancaster Gate, but a larger and darker house without any memories for me. We talked a little of my second novel and he offered to help me in my search for a publisher, but I felt sure this was not the purpose of my invitation.

And then, unexpectedly, he reminded me of what I had quite forgotten, an occasion when I had once fainted at his dinner table. Afterwards he had taken me to see a specialist in Harley Street: a small dark intense man whose features are now confused in my memory with those of the actor Ernest Milton and of Colonel de Castries of Dien Bien Phu.

"Your mother tells me you are engaged to be married," Richmond said. "Now about this fainting, attack at The Times... I remembered how the specialist had questioned me about earlier attacks of fainting in the summer stiffness of the school chapel. Many children, I told myself, went through such a phase. 'Doctor Riddick diagnosed epilepsy,' Richmond said.

Epilepsy, cancer and leprosy—these are the three medical terms which rouse the greatest fear in the untutored, and at twenty-two one is unprepared for so final a judgment. Epilepsy, Richmond went on, could be inherited: I must consider the risk carefully before marriage, and he pointed out that Dostoevsky too had suffered from epilepsy.

I couldn't think of a reply. Dostoevsky was a dead Victorian writer, not a youth without a book to his name who had pledged himself to marry. Let me see your novel," Richmond said, meaning to be kind. "What is the title?" "The Episode," I said.

I left the house and began walking fast towards South Kensington, the King's Road, Oakley Street, the Albert Bridge, away from this

episode. When I got home I wrote a letter; they had left things rather late, I said, before informing me. Poor souls, I can sympathise with them now as I read the letters which were written to them on the same day by Richmond and Doctor Riddick.

Doctor Riddick's was frightening, even in its moderation. "The attacks to which he is occasionally subject, are, I think, epileptic; but since he has lost consciousness in three only, there is a reasonably good chance that, with suitable treatment, the condition may be arrested." The treatment seemed to consist of good walks and Keppel's Malt Extract.

Richmond's letter was more encouraging, and my mother in pencil has pathetically underlined all the optimistic phrases she could find, perhaps to comfort my father—"quite likely to clear up completely," "no cause for alarm"—even the phrase about Dostoevsky is trotted out and surprisingly underlined, but then follows what I think was unfair and dangerous advice. "We agreed that Graham ought not to be told what is the matter in any terms that included the word epilepsy."

Was the diagnosis right? With the hindsight of forty years, free from any recurrence, I don't believe it, but I believed it then. I remember next day standing on an Underground platform and trying to summon the will and the courage to jump.

It was not my new Catholicism which restrained me. There was no theological despair in what I felt. I was simply tried out by the thought of starting a completely different future from the one I had planned. But suicide requires greater courage than Russian roulette, the trains came and went, and soon I took the moving staircase to the upper world.

My next thought was of an elderly priest, Father Talbot, of the Oratory. I had been passed on to him—a fashion priestess have—by Father Trollope of Nottingham, and I had spent many agreeable hours with him in discussion and argument at his quiet chambers in the Oratory, as unclerical as rooms in college. He was a man of very liberal views, and surely, I thought despairingly, he would have some answer to my greatest problem: that if I were epileptic, I must avoid having children. Surely there must be some cranny of canon law or moral theology that would contain a ruling for just such a case as mine.

He asked me to go out with

him, and for the next hour we drove in a taxi, crossing and recrossing the same rectangle between the Brompton Road and Bayswater, just as we crossed and recrossed the same lines of argument. Under no circumstances at all was contraception permissible. "The Church forbids me to marry then?"

"Of course we don't forbid marriage."

"Do you expect married people to live together without making love?"

"The Church expects you to trust God, that's all."

Up and down, over and over, a useless embroidery which made no pattern.

How differently he would have answered my question today, telling me, I have no doubt, to follow my conscience, which even then was elastic enough for almost anything. Catholics have sometimes accused me of making my clerical characters, Father Rank in The Heart of the Matter and Father James in The Living Room, fail unnecessarily before the human problems they were made to face. "A real priest," I have been told, "would have had something further to say, he would have shown a deeper comprehension, he wouldn't have left the situation so unchanged."

But that is exactly what in those days, before John Roncalli was elected Pope, the priesthood was compelled to do. There was no failure in comprehension. Father Talbot was a man of the greatest human sympathy, but he had no solution for me at all. There was only one hard answer he could honestly give ("the Church knows all the rules," as Father Rank said), while the meter of the taxi ticked away the repetitions of our fruitless argument. It was the Rock of Peter I was aware of in our long drive, and though it repulsed me, I couldn't help admiring its unyielding facade.

My misery did not last long. My brother, by this time a doctor, was the first to question the diagnosis, and then the medical correspondent, Doctor Macnair Wilson, who had been in the sub-editors' room when I fainted, confirmed that he had seen no symptom whatever of epilepsy.

I MARRIED, AND I WAS happy. In the evenings I worked at The Times, in the mornings I worked on my third novel. Now when I write I put down on the page a mere skeleton of a novel—nearly all my revisions are in the nature of additions, of second thoughts to make the bare

bones live—but in those days to revise was to prune and prune and prune.

I was much tempted, perhaps because of my admiration for the Metaphysical poets, by exaggerated similes and my wife became an adept at shooting them down. There was one, I remember, comparing something or someone in the quiet landscape of Sussex to a leopard crouching in a tree, which gave a name to the whole species. Leopards would be marked daily on the manuscript, but it took a great many years for me to get the beasts under control, and they growl at me sometimes yet.

One day in the winter of 1928 I lay in bed with a bad attack of flu, listening to my wife in the kitchen washing up the breakfast things. I had

I was unprepared for the failures... I would have refused to believe that success is slow

posted copies of the typescript to Heinemann and The Bodley Head about ten days before, and I was now resigned to a long delay. Hadn't I waited last time nine months for a refusal? Anyway, uncertainty was more agreeable to live with than the confirmation of failure.

The telephone rang in the sitting-room and my wife came in and told me, "There's a Mr Evans wants to speak to you."

"I don't know anyone called Evans," I said. "Tell him I'm in bed. Tell him I'm ill. Suddenly my memory came back to me: Evans was the chairman of Heinemann's, and I ran to snatch the telephone.

"I've read your novel," he said. "We'd like to publish it. Would it be possible for you to look in here at eleven?" My flu was gone in that moment and never returned.

Nothing in a novelist's life later can equal that moment—the acceptance of his first book. Triumph is unalloyed by any doubt of the future. Mounting the wide staircase in the elegant eighteenth-century house in Great Russell Street I could have no foreboding of the failures and frustrations of the next ten years.

Charles Evans was a remarkable publisher. With his bald head and skinny form he looked like a family solicitor lean with anxieties, but a solicitor who had taken an overdose of some invigorating vitamin. His hands and legs

were never still. He did everything, from shaking hands to ringing a bell, in quick jerks.

"No publisher," he said, "can ever guarantee success, but all the same we have hopes..." He was as good as his word, selling more than 8,000 copies of the novel, so that I was all the more unprepared for the failures which succeeded it. In the flush of that success I would have refused to believe that success is slow and not sudden and that ten years later, with my tenth novel, The Power and the Glory, the publisher could risk printing only 3,500 copies, one thousand copies more than he had printed of my first novel.

Leaving The Times was even more difficult than joining it and took almost as long. A few months after the publication of The Man Within, while I struggled with another novel, The Name of Action (the only good thing about the book was its title and that was suggested to me by Clemence Dane), I wrote to Charles Evans a black-mailing letter: I told him I must choose between The Times and novel-writing—I couldn't continue to do both. He replied offering me, if I chose to resign, £600 a year for three years (half to be supplied by my American publisher) in return for three novels.

I did so choose, but how was I to set about it? I had been happy on The Times, I couldn't just write a letter to the manager and walk out. I consulted George Anderson, and we held long dialogues together, while he reasoned with me. I had a great future, he assured me—one day, if I were only patient for a few more years, I might hope to be the correspondence editor.

Already, when the correspondence editor was on holiday, I tasted the glory of deputising for him and this brought me into direct contact with the editor, Geoffrey Dawson himself. Closeted with the editor every afternoon at four o'clock I argued the merits of the letters and we decided which was to lead the page. I was excited by the contact, especially when, as sometimes happened, I won the argument.

At last Anderson realised how strong was my determination to leave, but he agreed that first I must have a word with the editor, and the editor was hopelessly elusive. There were even moments when I wondered whether Anderson had warned him of my inten-

tion. If I tried to make appointment he was heavily engaged, if I went to his room it was empty or he was busy with a distinguished visitor.

It was weeks before I caught him—I had the uncomfortable sense of doing something beyond the bounds of politeness in wearing a bright coloured tie with a dinner jacket. Indeed I began to believe that no sub-editor ever before resigned from The Times, just as no one had been sacked from the page since the ungentlemanly dismissal of Lord Northcliffe.

Dawson, when I cornered him at last, took the convention urbanely into his hands. He said he understood that I had written a novel, and he congratulated me on success—his wife had demanded a copy from her circulating library. The Times assured me, would have objected if I continued to write novels in my spare time. I art critic, Mr Charles Morris had done so for many years, and even the dramatic critic Mr Charles Morgan, had published one or two. Indeed time might have almost come to try me out with an occasional third leader. However, if mind were really made up, could only say it was a rash, unfortunate decision.

I had a further interview before leaving on December 1929, with the assistant editor Murray Brummell, who seemed an elderly scholar master and perhaps, for reason, always transformed into a tongue-tied pupil. It was too late to argue with me, he said, but he would imply me to take care of my head and not to overwork.

I smiled a little, thinking I had been doing two jobs: working eleven hours a day, was only later I realised I overwork is not a matter of hours and that he had given reason.

So I left the coal-grate, the faces under the green shields, faces which remain vivid to me now when names of their owners are forgotten as those of close friends and women I have loved, the years to come I was to regret my decision. I, The Times the author of successful first novel, I thought I was a writer already and the world was at my feet, I life wasn't like that. I only a false start.

© Graham Greene, 1971

[concluded]

ROYAL FESTIVAL HALL

Summer Season until September 16

LONDON FESTIVAL BALLET

This week: LE BEAU DANUBE and GISELLE

"Giselle," a major achievement—"D. Express

September 6 to 11: THE SLEEPING BEAUTY

September 13 to 16: PETROUCHKA, SYLPHIDES, DON QUIXOTE pas de deux, SCHEHERAZADE

Sept. 7.30, Mats. 2.30, 5.00, 7.30, 9.00. Tickets: 50p, 75p, £1.00, £1.25, £1.50, £2.00, £2.50, £3.00, £3.50, £4.00, £4.50, £5.00, £5.50, £6.00, £6.50, £7.00, £7.50, £8.00, £8.50, £9.00, £9.50, £10.00, £10.50, £11.00, £11.50, £12.00, £12.50, £13.00, £13.50, £14.00, £14.50, £15.00, £15.50, £16.00, £16.50, £17.00, £17.50, £18.00, £18.50, £19.00, £19.50, £20.00, £20.50, £21.00, £21.50, £22.00, £22.50, £23.00, £23.50, £24.00, £24.50, £25.00, £25.50, £26.00, £26.50, £27.00, £27.50, £28.00, £28.50, £29.00, £29.50, £30.00, £30.50, £31.00, £31.50, £32.00, £32.50, £33.00, £33.50, £34.00, £34.50, £35.00, £35.50, £36.00, £36.50, £37.00, £37.50, £38.00, £38.50, £39.00, £39.50, £40.00, £40.50, £41.00, £41.50, £42.00, £42.50, £43.00, £43.50, £44.00, £44.50, £45.00, £45.50, £46.00, £46.50, £47.00, £47.50, £48.00, £48.50, £49.00, £49.50, £50.00, £50.50, £51.00, £51.50, £52.00, £52.50, £53.00, £53.50, £54.00, £54.50, £55.00, £55.50, £56.00, £56.50, £57.00, £57.50, £58.00, £58.50, £59.00, £59.50, £60.00, £60.50, £61.00, £61.50, £62.00, £62.50, 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Sing holiday, beneath the tree
Of innocence and liberty...

I HOPE THAT you are enjoying a better holiday than those costly sojourns which Julian Pettifer examined for Panorama in his fascinating, literate and depressing report on the Mediterranean littoral, and The World of Whicker laid bare in Alan's hilarious, penetrating and appalling report from the Miami Fontainebleau. Taken together they constituted a crushing combination-punch to the snob holiday industry, a one-two from which it will hardly recover without frantic application of advertising.

Of course it will recover. As Fred Pontin (who has done more to Spain than the Moors) so blandly admitted to Mr Pettifer, it's all right with him if the entire coastline of the Med becomes built-up. And, presumably, if the whole of that tideless sea becomes polluted. Home, sweet Home, as Alan might have put it had he been covering the Med-spread instead of taking a wry look at the oil overweighed nabobs of the New York rag trade who flock to the Miami Fontainebleau merely to be seen doing so; turning their backs on the free sea and spending some of their holiday—at from \$50 to \$200 a day, without food—sitting in a darkened room watching the stock prices on a screen.

There could hardly be a greater contrast between the unprepossessing vulgarity of those neurotic compulsions, and the holidays offered at Ardmore by John Ridgway: between those ludicrous and pathetic failures to escape from the

August for the people

TELEVISION □ MAURICE WIGGIN

herd instinct at its least rewarding, and the Escape to Fulfillment which Ridgway and his successors in this engrossing series have made good. Escapists, yes, but of a different order.

"Self-reliance, positive thinking, leaving things better than you found them—if you follow those three precepts you have no time for anything else," Ridgway said. "Everything you do should be a monument to yourself." That sounds a bit self-centred, at first, but it is the self-respect of a man who lives up to his own high, hard standards. Wonderfully refreshing, after the crowded flesh, the glutinous, self-defeating snobbery of those polluted beaches.

What's new for us stay-at-homes? One newcomer commands our good wishes—and certain reservations. She and she is an innovation: two girls talking to a third female. Splendid. Esther Rantzen is a smart and appealing girl who made a name as the venturesome stooge-reporter of Braden's Week, a girl who would risk being made to look silly for the sake of a story. Harriet Crawley is a sensationally attractive girl, sparkling with intelligence and vivacity. Their first

guest was that remarkable character, Enid Bagnold.

So why the reservations? Alas, it didn't quite come off; much talent was run to waste. The perturbed and petifying studio format from all spontaneity out of the talk. The girls got in each other's way, and Miss Bagnold, though game, spent too much time making pedantic corrections.

I am convinced that talk programmes, if ever they are to deserve a better name than the all-too-accurate designation "chat show," must be tackled quite differently. Genuinely spontaneous good talk is the rarest thing, even in real life, and almost unknown in the chat show.

The way to ensure interesting talk, I come to believe, is to use Denis Mitchell's technique. Take hours and hours, if necessary days and days; disarm your speaker in the only honourable way, by listening to him gently relaxed through your sympathy; get thousands of words on tape and then edit the dross out. I have to admit that after years of credulous addiction to the naïve dogma of "live" TV, experience has convinced me that this anything-but-spontaneous approach is the best if not the only way to achieve the effect of spontaneity.

Youth triumphant

FELIX APRAHAMIAN

AS the Prom and Radio 3 audiences rightly sensed, it was a really stunning concert the National Youth Orchestra gave at the Albert Hall last Monday under Pierre Boulez. In a way, the NYO is the platform counterpart of the arena audience: both are ephemeral. Where do all these splendid young people go in the winter? The common orchestra scene could do with them.

This concert established several points: that Boulez is as brilliant in dealing with students as with seasoned musicians; that this year is a vintage NYO with no section unworthy of any other British orchestra; and that, acoustically, the Albert Hall welcomes an expanded orchestral apparatus founded on eleven double-basses with doubled woodwind and brass. In this, "La Mer" was revelatory, with exquisite solo violin and woodwind playing perfectly balanced by wind doublings in the tutti.

So did Beethoven's Missa Solenne, in which she joined Josephine Veasey, Richard Lewis, Guy Howard and EBC forces under Colin Davis at Westminster Cathedral on Thursday. This, too, was unusually rewarding. Beethoven's spiritual solemnity seemed enhanced by the soundings, which obscured his contrapuntal detail only to the advantage of his broad harmonic architecture.

Thursday's cornucopia offered a race from the sublime in Westminster Cathedral to the esoteric at Kensington Gore. At nine, the great Stockhausen, in person, introduced his "Mantua" for trumpet, piano and percussive and electronic accessories which the Kontarsky brothers played with prodigious virtuosity. Four thematic "limbs," he explained, and their mirror-forms provide the musical substance which underpins the phantasmagoria in pitch, time, space and timbre. The result embraces the ridiculous as well as the entrancing, for the composing disciplines range over too wide a field to achieve real aural coherence. The Marriage of Figaro at the Coliseum is a musical joy not to be missed. Charles Mackerras is in his element with a first-rate Sadler's Wells team including no less than seven singers to their roles. Norman Winstanley (Figaro), Elizabeth Tippett (Susanna), Geoffrey Chard (Count), Lois McDonnell (Countess), Barbara Walker (Cherubino), Sandra Dugdale (Barbarina) and Eric Shilling (Don Basilio) match up the scale of the theatre as well as the vocal requirements.

Back to the Close

MUSIC □ DESMOND SHAW-TAYLOR

THE Three Choirs Festivals are among my earliest musical memories. On summer when I was sixteen, I contrived to get to Worcester for the whole affair (four days, I believe), and may even have been a juvenile "steward" at all events, I saw and heard Elgar conduct "The Kingdom," with Agnes Nicholls and John Coates among the soloists, following this impressive event in my brand-new vocal score with school arms stamped on its red cover because it was a prize.

In those pre-electric and pre-radio days the sheer excitement of hearing a live orchestra, was in itself a powerful attraction, quite apart from all those oratorios and specially-commissioned cantatas. Then, as wider horizons opened, the eternal Three Choirs round of "Elijah," "Messiah" and even the thrilling "Gerontius" began to seem dowdy, and the very word oratorio provoked a yawn.

After the war, when I started to write regularly about music, the Edinburgh Festival had (as it still has) a way of coinciding with the Three Choirs and staking out a stronger claim on our attention; and so it comes about that I have played truant for longer than I like to confess to the scenes of my youthful enthusiasm.

Things have changed a little. The audience, more informally dressed than of old, is allowed to applaud, "Elijah" and even "Messiah" have vanished (at Gloucester programmes), though the beloved "Gerontius" remains; and the fine old seventeenth-century organ has been expensively renovated and restored, both visually and tonally with results which we were invited to admire at the opening concert on Sunday.

The general visual effect is now pleasingly symmetrical, although the spectator unprovided with lyrics or opera glasses must take the loving renewal of the painted work on pipes and case-front more or less on trust.

An Organ Concerto written for the occasion by Peter Dickinson was the most substantial piece I have heard from a young composer who has been much influenced by French and American music. He is probably best known for his choral music and songs, and as accompanist to his mezzo-soprano sister, Mariel. These programme-note acknowledgements are a handsome debt to the first of Ravel's "Valse des nobles et sentimentales" as filtered through his own blues-like setting for solo voice of Byron's "So we'll go no more a-roving." "Although I don't know the song, it was not difficult (armed with this information) to recognise the lilt of the familiar words in the lulling solos for clarinet, then cor anglais, that follow the central climax of the concerto, which is laid out in a clear constructive pattern.

Although thoroughly modern, especially in a subtle colour palette that owes much to Messiaen, the music is by no means avant-garde; one can easily recognise, for instance, a longish exposition containing some strikingly attractive material in the distant parts, a soaring melody on muted high violins over long-

Save this angel

FILMS □ DILYS POWELL

ONE AFTERNOON last month, relinquishing the chance of a quiet hour at home, I tore off to a private showing of a film called *The Moon and the Sledgehammer*. It is a documentary; as you can see, the critic's mad pursuit of pleasure is never done. The film is also ten minutes too long. But if you disregard those minutes when you begin to think about time (usually a pretty fair test of a film) it is bizarrely entertaining: a study of a father, two sons and two daughters who, living an insular self-supporting life in a bit of Home Counties woodland—a Swiss Family Robinson with tuneless pianos and broken tractors instead of breadfruit and pythons (and certainly without the moral fervour)—build strange machines out of scrap-iron and create strange schizofantasies out of a complete dislocation from the contemporary world.

Last week the Venice Festival opened with a screen version of Dylan Thomas' *Under Milk Wood*. I have not seen the film and I don't know when it will be shown in this country (I don't know about *The Moon and the Sledgehammer* either). But to make a

version of *Under Milk Wood* is not in principle a despicable enterprise. Tackling such a subject shows the kind of experimenting, questioning approach which at one time was deplorably lacking in the British cinema. It might say the same about *The Moon and the Sledgehammer*. What else links the two pieces? Both received help from the National Film Finance Corporation, which was established in 1949 to back film production and which is now in danger of disintegration.

I won't go on about the crisis except to say in reminder that the £5 million loan promised by the Labour Government in 1970 to keep the NFFC going for another ten years has been reduced by the present Government (short-sightedly, I am convinced) to £2½ million. £1½ million has already been drawn, mainly to repay an overdraft. Only if the Corporation can raise £3 million from private sources, presumably the City, will it get the remaining £1 million (not, these days, much of a subsidy or rather loan). Less money raised means less can be borrowed.

Public funds are not lent in order to be lost, and the NFFC,

the argument says, wasn't established with a licence to run into debt. All right, so it looks as if the Corporation (though one must remember that it pays interest on what it borrows) has in the short run lost money. The question is whether in the long term it hasn't been a begueter of money.

The NFFC was established at a time when the cinema in this country was at a low ebb; shuddering one looks back on most of the British films produced at the end of the Nineteen-forties and the beginning of the Fifties. But one exception: *The Third Man*; and Carol Reed's film had support from the Corporation. One exception: the Ealing and allied comedies; some of those, too, were helped. Again, towards the end of the Fifties one was looking anxiously at the declining movement in the French cinema. But before there was time to grow really despondent we had our own new movement with Room at the Top and Saturday Night and Sunday Morning—both beneficiaries of the NFFC. The Corporation in fact has tried to give talent a chance. Without the gifted directors thus enabled to show their gifts it seems unlikely that in the Nineteen-sixties America would have been so busily investing in the British cinema.

Another thing. The Corporation was not established as a charity; equally it was not intended to finance those who didn't need finance. It backed, then, (after all it isn't concerned only with the lofty regions of the cinema) the early films in what was to be the Carry On series, notably the hilarious Carry On, Nurse, but had no hand in the venture when backing was unnecessary. It has thus drawn no dividends from successes which might never have existed without its earlier help.

The screen depends on a supply of new ideas and new talents; always, it has to be said, it fosters them. Without it—well, in this country the porn is green, but without the balance of good films it could ripen, it could make the critic's mad pursuit even tougher. If the Government simply won't change its mind we had better all of us make liberal, intelligent and far-sighted private sources are going to stump up that £3,000,000.

Anatole Litvak, whom one thinks of as the director of the 1936 *Mayrville and City for Conquest* and *The Snake Pit*, has made a thriller, *The Lady in the Car* (Odeon, Marble Arch, colour, AA) based on a novel about a secretary (Samantha Eggar) who illicitly borrows for the week-end the powerful car of her employer (Oliver Reed), on an impulse drives south from Paris and at every stop meets a man who insists that a few hours earlier she was seen driving in the opposite direction. I say a thriller; but the mystifications crawl along, only to crawl back over the ground in an equally sluggish interpretation of the plot. If you must but I really think somebody ought to apologise too.

At the New Victoria, *Revenge* (director Sidney Hayers; colour: X); Joan Collins and James Booth in a story about a suspected child kidnapper who is kept in a pub cellar ("You sure it's him?") by justly irascible parents; alternately risible and nauseating. In the same programme, Lee Van Cleef in *Beyond the Law* (director Giorgio Stegani; Technicolor); a stateless Western botched together in Italian-German co-production.



Philip Miller gives a fireman's lift to Julia McKenzie in Gretchen Cryer's rock musical "The Last Sweet Days of Isaac" with the York Theatre Royal company, directed by Donald Bodley, which continues the Old Vic season tomorrow

A true Scott

EDINBURGH ART □ JOHN RUSSELL

IN ITS RELATION to Scotland the Edinburgh Festival marks a great year. H. R. Trevor-Roper has lately called "that great retrospective violation of history whereby the whole country has been clanned and tartaned, kilned, plaided and piped for foreign tourists." This abuse of Scotland is also an abuse of Sir Walter Scott, in whose name so much of it has been done; and the bicentenary of Scott's birth, which fell just thirteen days ago, was as good a time as any to put things right.

Certainly the bicentenary exhibition in the Parliament House in Edinburgh marks a great swing-through how many degrees it is not for an outsider to say—towards a perfected and a sober authenticity. It is housed in a building which was the centre of Scott's professional life as an advocate (and of Robert Louis Stevenson's, by the way).

That building is history made visible. In Leigh Hall, Lauderdale, tortured the Covenanters; just over a century later, Boswell brought Dr Johnson there and was smartly rebuffed for regretting the days of the Covenanters' independence. In the Parliament House, beneath a stupendous roof-structure made of oak from Fife and the Border country, Montrose was condemned to death. In the First Division Courtroom, Scott sat bored out of his mind as often as not, as Principal Clerk of Session. It would be a very poor exhibition that did not get a head-start from all this.

Happily, the element of Son et Lumière stops well short of any attempt to mimic the effect on the Covenanters of the thunderscree and the dreaded "Spanish brood"; nor is there any formal-

ised rhubarbing to remind us of how George IV, once dined in Edinburgh, was the cause of a visit largely stage-managed by Scott. The gravity of the scene is lightened only by taped organ music based on settings of Scott by Schubert, Donizetti, Bizet and Attwood; and there are memorabilia of portraits, landscape paintings, books, maps and prints, it gives a vivid account of what a systematic education meant in the 1850s.

Festival visitors will find other recurrent traits of the Scottish character in the very amusing and resourceful exhibition which Duncan Thomson has devised for the National Portrait Gallery. This deals with the travels in France and the Netherlands, in the 1850s, of the two eldest sons of the 3rd Earl of Lothian. A mixture of portraits, landscape paintings, books, maps and prints, it gives a vivid account of what a systematic education meant in the 1850s.

I don't see today's young people putting up with quite so strict a regime, or so long a sojourn in quiet country places like Saumur and Bourzeil, or quite so much enforced expertise in the matter of pike-drill, singing to the lute, and curvets and croupades on horseback. But it would be useful to learn, from a French manual of the year 1806, how to come out to quarters with honour; and American visitors will note with fellow-feeling that devaluation caused the two boys to write off nearly \$1,000 in today's money.

Where painting is concerned,

Scotland has always looked after its own with a tenacity which might well be copied south of the Border. At the English Speaking Union Gallery in Atholl Crescent there is a show of "100 Years of Scottish Painting" which has been organised in an evangelical spirit by the Fine Art Society. A handsome amount of journeyman work is offset by two or three paintings of very superior quality: among them are Alexander Nasmyth's "Falls on the Clyde," which in its fastidious understated way can rank among the great European romantic paintings; and an immensely powerful piece of genre painting by John Pettie (1839-1893), "The Gambler's Victim" is its name; and I would take a bet that the image of the defeated cardman slouching out into the dawn is as arresting as anything that the theatre in Edinburgh has to show.

So much for this year's indigenous activity. Of Edinburgh's forays into To-day I shall be writing next week; they include the Edinburgh surrealist at the Royal Scottish Academy, a hand-picked group of contemporary Rumanian artists at the Richard Demarco Gallery, and some manifestations of an experimental sort under the aegis of the Scottish Arts Council. These last have jumped the barriers of the gallery-circuit and can be found in and above the streets, in a disused motor-car showroom opposite the Usher Hall, and on the television-screen. The Festival has come a long way, in matters of art.

In a reference on this page last week to the film "Nicholas and Alexandra" the part of Rasputin was incorrectly assigned; it is, of course, played by Tom Baker.

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CHILDREN'S BOOKSHELF

he Crow, The Kite and The olden Umbrella by Ann Tompert (Abelard-Schuman £1.10). An atmospheric invasion of Kuala Lumpur has been turned into a folk tale in this tale of a girl who saves the day with the help of her own pet bird.

he Fisherman's Bride illustrated by Barbara Swiderska (Macdonald £2.00). This story known folk-tale which a commoner contrives to take royally told in a way that gives no opportunity for humour. The Polish illustrator has made a most of the comic situations.

androp Goes to London by Val (Brookhampton 90p). On the way to the Television Centre to host his vintage car, Mr. Macdonald is led to a chase after a robbery and ends up in a very funny situation.

thymes and Ballads of London illustrated by Carol Faye (Blackie £2.00). The rhymes, riddles, and ballads of London are collected in this book, which is a very good collection of many families and the history of London.

and and Quickie by Valerie Neale (Hulton, Boyd and Oliver £0.55). The artist offers a mouth, lively retelling of a children's story of the folk tale of the Chinese brothers. Her strong cuts in striking colour and the physical attributes of the characters are very well drawn.

rog and Toad are Friends by David Lodge (Hulton, Boyd and Oliver £0.55). The artist offers a mouth, lively retelling of a children's story of the folk tale of the Chinese brothers. Her strong cuts in striking colour and the physical attributes of the characters are very well drawn.

ish by Alison Morgan (Chatto Windus £1.25). In a Welsh tale of a girl nearly ten escapes from a home where she is unhappy to protect her adopted dog from being destroyed by a dog-killer. The story is told by a child, and the language is simple and direct.

an Alphabet of Ancient Rome by Gary Chubb (Geoffrey Bles £1.40). In his previous books, Mr. Chubb has chosen a subject for each letter of the alphabet and exemplified it in a key word or pattern of Roman life. His witty use of her lively pictures is a suitable Roman red among other colours and a design suggesting friezes and pottery.

Miss Rivers and Miss Bridges by Geraldine Symons (Macmillan £1.00). Patsy is persuaded by her eccentric friend Atlanta (see The Workhouse Child) to join her in an active support for the suffragette cause. The enthusiastic chivalry of their allies (as well as the Establishment) by their uninhibited enterprise. Cheerful humour, sound period sense and a little satire to the feminists of half a century ago, for eleven upwards, perhaps mainly girls.

Thursday by Catherine Storr (Faber £1.40). An intensely moving story of a boy whose mother's home background drives him into himself, and a girl brave enough to challenge the kind of possession he is suffering. Patsy is a boy who is in a position with reality in a strong story for readers in the teens.

Captain Pamphile's Adventures by Alexandre Dumas (Oxford £1.10). Patsy is persuaded by her eccentric friend Atlanta (see The Workhouse Child) to join her in an active support for the suffragette cause. The enthusiastic chivalry of their allies (as well as the Establishment) by their uninhibited enterprise. Cheerful humour, sound period sense and a little satire to the feminists of half a century ago, for eleven upwards, perhaps mainly girls.

Margery Fisher (Oxford £1.10). Patsy is persuaded by her eccentric friend Atlanta (see The Workhouse Child) to join her in an active support for the suffragette cause. The enthusiastic chivalry of their allies (as well as the Establishment) by their uninhibited enterprise. Cheerful humour, sound period sense and a little satire to the feminists of half a century ago, for eleven upwards, perhaps mainly girls.

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Down for the count

THE PRISONER OF SEX by Norman Mailer/Weidenfeld & Nicolson £2
CYRIL CONNOLLY

the theatre of pleasure for women (Koebe). Theoretically, a woman could go on having orgasms indefinitely if physical exhaustion did not intervene (Masters & Johnson).

Pregnancy induced by artificial insemination from a sperm bank further eliminates the role of the male. So sexual pleasure for women is best obtained from other women or electrical appliances, children by artificial insemination and women's superior mental and emotional equipment will now be allowed full rein.

The male is a biological accident. The Y (male) gene is an incomplete X (female) gene, that is, an incomplete set of chromosomes (Solomon). In other words, "the male is an incomplete female, a walking abortion, aborted at the gene state" (Valerie Solanis in "Scum"). The male, she goes on, tries to claim as his own the female characteristics.

Emotional strength and independence, forcefulness, dynamism, decisiveness, coolness, objectivity, assertiveness, courage, integrity, vitality, intensity, depth of character—and projecting on to women all male traits, vanity, frivolity, triviality, weakness—women don't have penis envy; men have pussy envy.

It was Valerie Solanis who fired a bullet into Andy Warhol. After the revolution marriage becomes obsolete; polyandry is to be preferred; but for those who persist in the old ways a contract has been drawn up by Aliza Schulman in "Off Our Backs".

Mailor makes two good points: "The Plumed Serpent" and "Women in Love" and that his wife Frieda could not give him the complete devotion which he required. She loved him but she did not worship him. She was independent. Lawrence lived with the monumental gloom that his death was already in him and sex—some transcendental variety of sex—was his only hope, and his wife was too robust to recognise such tragic facts.

This is dangerous ground: who would dare to say that she did not give Lawrence, as a writer, ninety per cent of what he wanted? His other women, some of whom were totally devoted,

Mailer is yellow; he keeps trying to be reasonable, to satisfy Time magazine's female readership, to allow his sentimentality an outing. It was hard to think of himself as one of their leading enemies. Four times beaten at the wall, his respect for the power of women was so large. He had seen too many women down to many men. Yes, men were relatively fragile. He had seen too many men who had failed to accomplish what they desired because a woman had ground them down.

He also can't help admiring Kate Millet for quoting so much from himself, even in disparagement. "Time" knew what it was doing.

After stating the opposition's case, the considers two of the writers whom Kate Millet attacks, D. H. Lawrence and Henry Miller. Both, in fact, were in their way apologists for women but this does not alter the fact that they are fundamentally masculine. They are colonial powers who offer their subjects freedom while still controlling finance and defence. Lady Chatterley is a "real" woman by courtesy of Millers.

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This is dangerous ground: who would dare to say that she did not give Lawrence, as a writer, ninety per cent of what he wanted? His other women, some of whom were totally devoted,

farred no better. To judge writers by their attitudes in the sex war is an empty task. Galsworthy and Shaw were feminists; women prefer Yeats and Eliot. Joyce can be interpreted in several ways, even Freud was a man of his century. Lawrence and Henry Miller are true forerunners.

After Lawrence, there is no doubt that Millet loomed largest through the Thirties in the realm of sexuality. As we say "Eliot, Auden" we may say "Lawrence, Millet" but Millet, though capable of immense rhapsodies on the female pudenda, is also a typical travelling salesman, swapping endless doggy experiences with other males from a phallic standpoint. His inescapable manner is always at the service of damself in distress. Only in Genet, who comes in for a more cursory treatment, is there evidence of genuine indifference to the world of the female.

In the post-revolutionary world, where women administer peace without justice, where the White Goddess is a Black Lesbian, where the few men that are permitted to be born do the housework of service the electric vibrators and manipulators necessary to their ruler's pleasure, homosexuality will be the religion of the catacombs, and true love will still exist in the prisons and concentration camps.

And where will Mailer be? After once again nearly getting the Nobel Prize through being confused with Millet, he will be relegated to the Limbo of retired sentimentalists. He disapproved of masturbation as a betrayal: "everything that's beautiful and good in one goes up the hand, goes into the air, is lost," he wrote. "The prime responsibility of a woman is to be on earth long enough to find the best mate possible for herself, and conceive children who will improve the species." According to him the search for such a mate justifies women's liberation. There would be no free search until they were liberated. So let woman be what she would and what she could.

In other words he encourages them to get on with their revolution, which is aimed at dethroning the emperor, the tyrant, the king, that is often reminiscent of Hart Crane, Lowry achieved only in "Under the Volcano" the control over his material that marks a great novelist.

Elizabeth Taylor's Mrs Palfrey at the Claremont takes a cool comic compassionate look at the people who live in the hotel in South Kensington, old ladies with a past but no future, who are spending months or years at the Claremont before the decline to nursing home or hospital.

To this world of small deceptions and self-deceptions Mrs Palfrey brings a distant recollection of empire, a more recent one of happy retirement in Rotting-

dean. Her present is widowhood, without interest or occupation. She meets a young man who is writing a novel, and passes him off in the Claremont as the grandson who has never turned up to pay her a visit. She becomes an object of envy to the other lonely old women, and the young man, not deeply interested but inter-

ested in the mass of written and re-written material. She has added nothing, but inevitably she has been selected, and she says herself there are themes that Lowry would have developed further in any final version. The result is an unsatisfactory novel, but it remains a remarkable book.

The plot is slight. Ethan Lowry is travelling north in Canada on a Greyhound bus with his wife Jacqueline. The beach cabin in which they lived as squatters near a village named Eridanus has been condemned, and they are hoping to find a new home on the island of Gabriola. When they arrive they learn that the Eridanus squatters have been reprieved. They can return if they wish, but they decide to stay on Gabriola.

By the use of long flashbacks, Lowry weaves into his account of a journey a number of symbolic themes and situations. One is related to dispossession, and to Ethan as a kind of permanent wanderer. Two of his other homes have burned down mysteriously, and in one of them he goes to see a film about the Wandering Jew, a figure who becomes joined in Ethan's mind with the outcast Poe. Another theme is linked with Ethan's sense of guilt, which is associated with the burning of the house, and with the friend at university. Images reflecting or distorting the themes recur constantly, sparked off by old films, an advertisement for soup, the idea of salvation, Ethan's belief that much of life is ruled by coincidence and that he is "the kind of man to whom great accidents happen."

Lowry's intention was to create a universal parable, but what we have is rather a collection of fragments, some rhetorically wordy, others very brilliant and moving. Like the burning of the house, the friend at university, an engaging short comic passage about a bobolink, and an exultant account of letting off fireworks. At the end you are in no doubt about Lowry's genius, yet here as in much of his other work the whole thing seems to be a collection of fragments, some rhetorically wordy, others very brilliant and moving. Like the burning of the house, the friend at university, an engaging short comic passage about a bobolink, and an exultant account of letting off fireworks.

The Bitter Harvest by William Haggard (Cassell £1.50). Time, the period of the Seven Days' War. Scenes, London and South Africa. Theme, the attempted corruption of a dull but honest back-bench MP. Though this one lacks the brilliant basic idea we have come to expect of Mr Haggard, it's excellently readable none the less.

A Time for Pirates by Gavin Black (Collins £1.40). Rumours of Malaysian oil strikes bring an international big-business interest: crowding round like vultures, and an unscrupulous struggle for the concession

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The new Victorian (Modern History) Book Club offers continuing bargains and straightforward service. Reservations for six months and for £4.50 including postage and packing you get these six top books which normally cost £15 — all unabridged hardbacks of course: The Victorian Underworld, Leisure and Pleasure in the Nineteenth Century, The Pound in Your Pocket 1870-1970, Victorian People, The Scramble for Africa and Bound to Examine.

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Dispossession

OCTOBER FERRY TO GABRIOLA by Malcolm Lowry/Cape £2.25
MRS PALFREY AT THE CLAREMONT by Elizabeth Taylor/Chatto & Windus £1.80
DOWN AMONG THE WOMEN by Fay Weldon/Heinemann £2.00
INTER ICE AGE 4 by Kobo Abe translated from the Japanese by E Dale Saunders/Cape £1.85
JULIAN SYMONS

"OCTOBER FERRY TO GABRIOLA" is the book with which Malcolm Lowry struggled during much of his last decade, turning it from a short story into a novella, and then into a "huge and sad novel" based on his life in Canada. What we have now is not quite that huge sad novel, but a book pieced together by his widow out of the mass of written and re-written material. She has added nothing, but inevitably she has been selected, and she says herself there are themes that Lowry would have developed further in any final version. The result is an unsatisfactory novel, but it remains a remarkable book.

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Awful warning

THE MARVELLOUS BOY: The Life and Myth of Thomas Chatterton by Linda Kelly Weidenfeld & Nicolson £2.75
ANTONIA FRASER

AT THE NAME of Thomas Chatterton, most of us envisage a red-haired boy stretched out lifeless in an attic bedroom, surrounded by a clutter of rejected manuscripts—in fact the famous picture, painted by the Pre-Raphaelite Henry Watts in 1856, is now in the Tate Gallery. And although we probably cannot quote a line of his poetry, we use the name of Chatterton easily as a catchword for the starving artist dying in protest at the cruelty of an uncaring world. Yet why should a seventeen-year-old boy from Bristol, who committed suicide in 1770, have inspired such a powerful and long-lived legend, on the evidence of his few published poems, most of them purporting to be the work of a medieval monk?

A fascinating new study like a literary detective story, The Marvellous Boy traces the rise of his reputation after death. We follow it through the celebration of the Gothic Revival, the acclaim of the rising Romantic poets—for whom he personified their own obsessions of suicide, youth and neglected genius—the morbid admiration of the Pre-Raphaelites, down to another starving poet, Francis Thompson, saved from his own suicide by a vision of Chatterton.

Although Mrs Kelly is convinced that the "romantic trap" is inexplicable if Chatterton had not possessed poetic genius, one has only to read in a later chapter of the amazing influence of Vigny's play "Chatterton," produced in France in 1835, to reflect on the incalculable strength of myths, in this case surely stronger than the man.

Mrs Kelly attributes the decline of the Chatterton legend in the twentieth century to the fact that questions such as the poet's role in society, and the responsibility of society to the poet, have "lost their edge." In England I would tentatively suggest that Chatterton's image was also killed off by the notion of the soldier-poets of the First World War, Rupert Brooke dying for his country, replacing Thomas Chatterton dying for art.

However, since the 1960s, revolutions have reintroduced the relationship of the poet and society in the 1970s, at least in the financial sense. Mrs Kelly's stimulating work prompts one to suggest as a postscript that "Watts' Death of Chatterton" might now be borrowed from the Tate by the Arts Council—to be hung in the hall as an awful warning to both members of the council and poets.

"An astonishing superb book" Washington Post (Book World)

THE Making of a Surgeon

WILLIAM A. NOLAN

"As an account of a young surgeon's training, it is remarkable for its wit and honesty. As a chronicle of life in a big municipal hospital it is a horror story told in straightforward, ghastly detail. As a description of how men work against impossible odds, it is both human and heroic in a fascinating way. Much of the book is funny, some of it ribald."—Washington Post (Book World) £2.10

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Former U.S. Attorney General

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William Haggard

THE BITTER HARVEST

"William Haggard is as ingenious an exponent of the international power game as any in the business. The political thriller at its most intelligent."—FRANCIS ILES in The Guardian on his last novel, The Hardlines £1.50

CASSELL



The narrowing road

LONG BEFORE the current interest in alternative life-styles grew up, the Gipsy was among us; living amid the woods and meadows his alternative life that was apart from any race or the quest for security, apart from materialism and the need to live in houses.

A number of artists and intellectuals, sickened by their urban scene, have drawn wisdom from contact with Gipsies, among them the French painter Jacques Calot, Borrow, John Clare, Watts-Dunton, Dominie Reeve, the German expressionist painter Mailer, and Augustus John, all of whom lived the Gipsy life at some time.

Sven Berlin, another painter, is the most recent of these to write of his experiences in a book which, like so many artists' books, is a brightly coloured mosaic with largely interchangeable facets rather than a continued narrative. The Gipsies he writes of are mainly Nor-

Forest Gipsies, with an occasional digression when he visits Les Saintes Maries de la Mer, or writes of his friend Augustus John. His attempt to pin down that elusive thing that makes up "Gipsy" makes this a good and unusual book.

Clearly, he made a bad Gipsy himself. His rudo got stuck on hills, he did bad deals in horses and once gave a man five pounds to do a job and was surprised when he returned, the job undone, drunk, with a woman. Berlin was only saved from an angry

scene following his refusal to sell his daughter to a Gipsy family at Les Saintes Maries de la Mer, a wagon, and a thousand gold pieces, by the timely arrival of a Rastafarian monk.

The uncouthness of those non-Gipsies who, like Berlin, fall for the Gipsy way of life, however, is unimportant. The important thing is the cross-fertilisation that when we are able to assimilate facets of theirs. As Berlin says, "Each man must drive the particular machine that is his own destiny: each must learn for himself the laws of men." The wisdom he learned from Gipsies helped him to do this for himself.

It seems tragic that those Gipsies who he knew best were moved from their leafy retreats into a compound in the forest, and later again into houses. Some of the Gipsies may have liked this; but for his friends it was a disaster. An old Gipsy, now living in a house, told him: "I fight a bit a yag (fag) in me garden and cooks the scran (food) but it ain't the same as being up in the woods. 'Ouse ain't no good to us. The old uns are dying like flies. The Gipsy life may be envied

GYPSIES OF THE FOREST: Dromengro by Sven Berlin Collins £2
JEREMY SANDFORD

by house dwellers because it contains two things that are not normally reconcilable: wandering and domesticity. But Berlin allows his vision to be clouded over by an over-romantic view of things.

Behind the facade of false glamour imposed upon them was the screaming mouth of hunger, the spiked hat of persecution and the haunting ghosts of the dead, all accepted in tranquility.

Over much of this book broods the greenness of the forest. Berlin quotes John Clare, who wrote of Gipsies that they were "a quiet, unperturbed race"; and there are many happy memories in this book, such as those of Gipsies who, waiting for a bus that was late on a cold winter's day, lit a fire by the bus stop and sat there warm and happily. The bus never came. They went home, having enjoyed their outing.

So little is known about our Gipsies. They still have little means of communicating to us, we who legislate for them, who they are or what they actually

IN MY FASHION

LUNCHEON AT HARRODS by Ernestine Carter

3 BREAKFAST AT TIFFANY'S may have been all right for Audrey Hepburn, but lunch at Harrods will be especially when it is Sir Hugh Fraser.

Sir Hugh succeeded his father, Chairman of the House of Fraser when Lord Fraser died in 1966. Now only thirty-five, slight, medium tall, with crisp, dark hair, direct dark eyes, he is a ball of fire in a tuxedo suit, a soft smile gives a touch of inebriation to his face.

Although Sir Hugh was host, I had been invited by Mr Robert Midgeley, another Scot (pure coincidence, I was told) and Harrods' new Managing Director. Midgeley, tall, slim, silver-haired, is not new to the House of Fraser. Before he came to Harrods last year he was Managing Director of Derry & Toms, a before that of Rackham's in Birmingham.

As if this wasn't enough top class, also decorating the table were Lord Redmayne, Chief Whip, two Prime Ministers, Mr Macmillan and Sir Alec Douglas-Home, and now Deputy Chairman Harrods Ltd. since 1970, Sir Robert Hobart, Sir Hugh's Personal Assistant, Mr William Mettle, Harrods' General Sales Manager. The occasion was my introduction to Harrods' new Food Halls.

Although the talk rained, it was a feast for the eyes. To Sir Hugh, Harrods is the start in his own right, a hundred stories, it is well aware that it is no ordinary store. "Harrods is a great attraction, like the Tower of London," The British Travel

Association agrees. Harrods, they say, is "in the top of the league for foreign visitors, even those who haven't come to shop. It is an institution."

But even institutions can't stand still, and Sir Hugh says "Harrods has got to move." Mr Midgeley adds, "But we must look at each move not twice but three times. It must be in keeping with Harrods. It must have the Harrods imprint."

THE NEW FOOD HALLS are an example of this thinking. The principle of self-service has been given the Harrods treatment. And Courtenay Pope, the shop fitters, who adapted the space, have preserved the Harrods atmosphere. Wherever possible, they have retained as much of the original 1902 décor as possible, like the marble wall behind the Charcuterie section with its noble fringe of salami, sausages and hams.

The result is self-service with a Harrods difference. They even call it "self-selection." No longer do you have to queue at cash desks after each purchase. "Not cash desks," says Mr Midgeley, "reception areas." You can sit in comfort in a special section and give one vast order which will be assembled for you ready for collection or delivery.

In the Pantry or help-yourself section, if you want advice or information there are Harrods hostesses to assist you. Instead of aisles so narrow that one small print-on-etching reader can bottle-neck those behind, the aisles are spacious. Instead of wire baskets, there are fibreglass trays in Harrods green each lined with fresh white and gold paper.

The new wall tiles are in Harrods green too.

IN THE CHARCUTERIE, there are knowledgeable types behind the counter to help you choose from the 40 different pâtés, the salamis from Italy, Austria, Belgium, France and Germany, the hams and the cheeses.

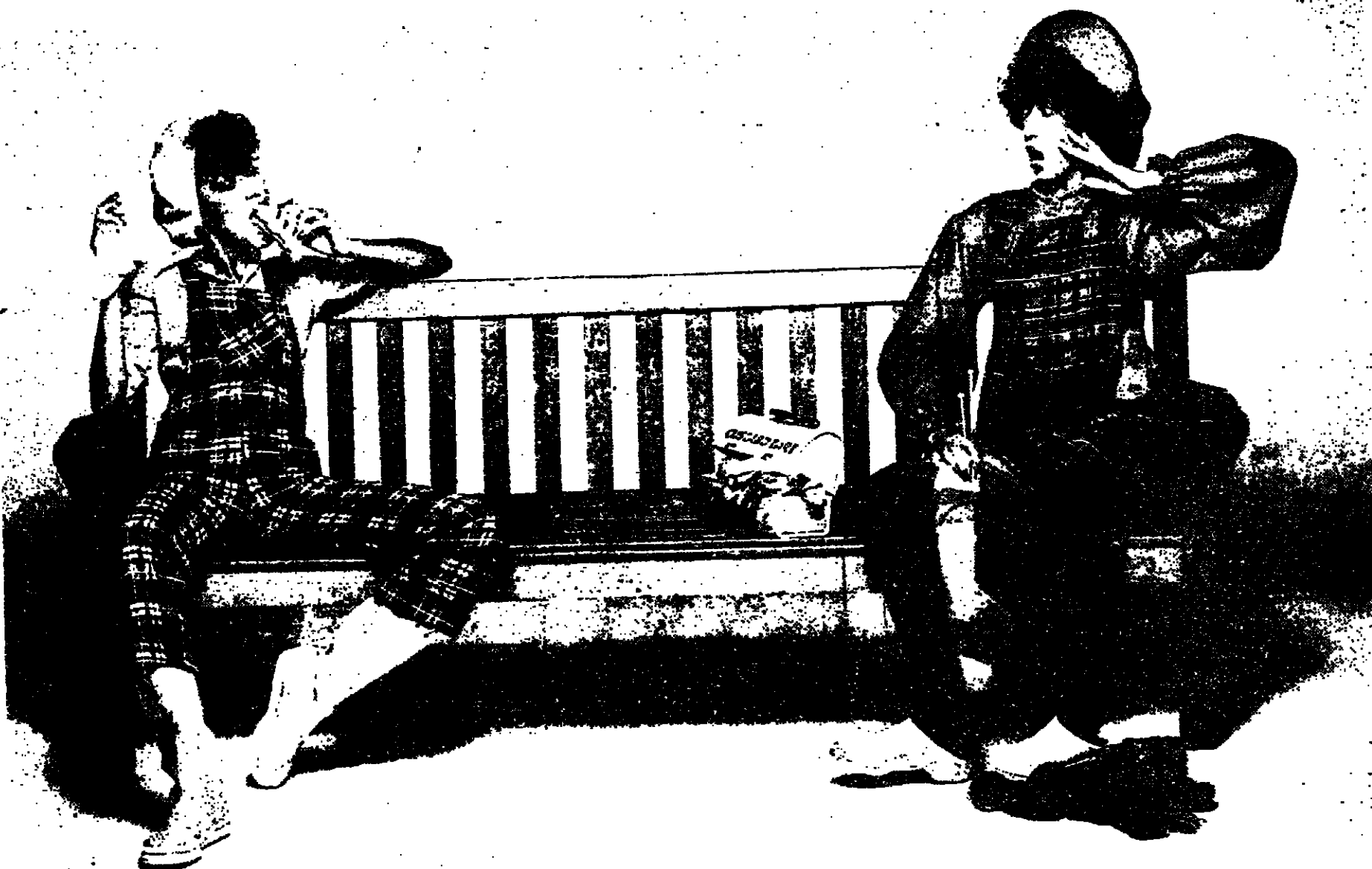
For frozen foods (displayed in a special 44-ft long four-storey high freezer), there are dry ice containers, and, if you are taking food to the country, insulating boxes that will keep the foods frozen for 24 hours.

Harrods food specialists remain in charge of each section—Mr Bowen, cheese, Mr Ducal, meat, Mr Smith, fish, Mr Hill, poultry and game, Mr Deuchar, dry groceries. They are all veteran Harroddians. "It's a life job," says Sir Hugh.

Harrods has its own bakery in Trevor Square. As more and more small bakeries are being replaced by unattractive boutiques, it is no wonder that there are queues waiting for the warm bread, and that the Bakery sells 100 dozen croissants a day.

Harrods also make their own sausages. In fact, Mr Midgeley points out, there is more staff behind the scenes than on the floor.

The Food Halls are 24,000 square feet of sheer temptation. They tempted me, and, after a luncheon which displayed all Harrods' virtuosity (cornets of smoked salmon and potted shrimp, crown roast with baby vegetables, raspberries and cream, petits fours and coffee, not to mention Steinwein 1969 and a Chateau Talbot 1964), that took some doing.



TARTAN will be for winter what checks were for summer. One of the liveliest leaders of the check set was Serena Shaffer of Electric Fittings; she is also a leader in the tartan trail. Serena, 25, ex-St. Martin's School of Art says the name was a disaster—"like something you'd see looking through an old Army & Navy catalogue." The company is only a year and five months old (just between Serena's two children, Joe, "two and a bit," and Sam, seven months). Serena designs, and she explains, "Laura, ex-Kingston, pattern cuts and Valerie sustains us all." Serena's husband, a

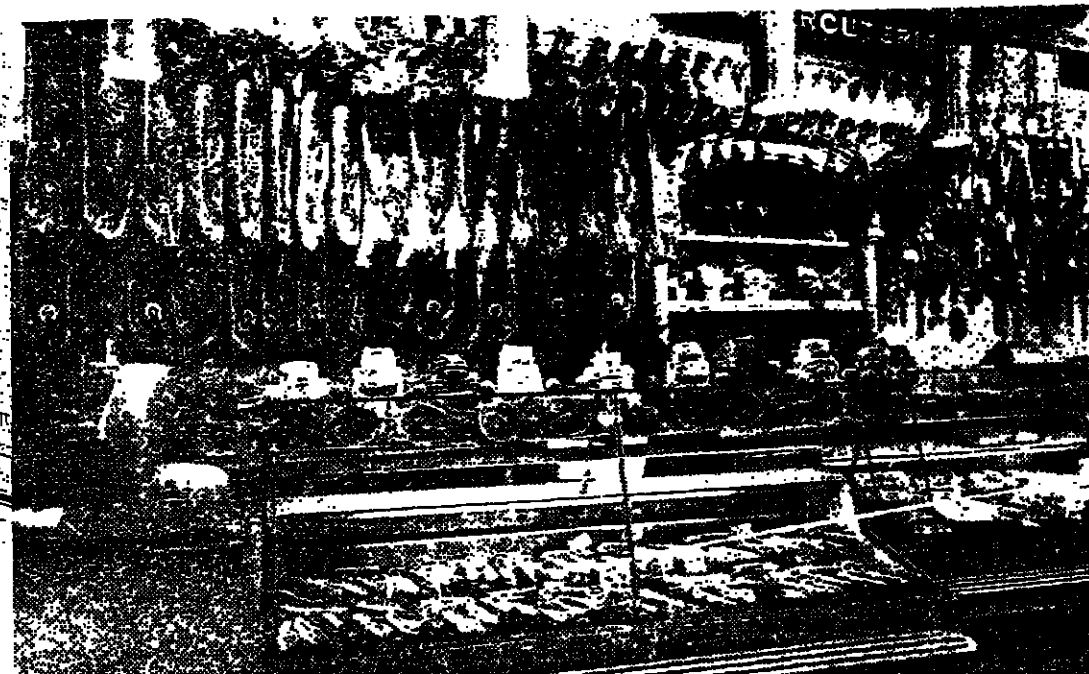
psychiatrist, is a director of the company. The Shaffers and Electric Fittings are moving from Turner's studio—a glorious hodge-modge of clothes, modern sculpture, one of Andy Warhol's Marilyns ("a pink one"), babies and dogs—to a larger house. They need one for Electric Fittings sells to Way In, Simpson's, Peter Robinson, Escalade, Mr Freedom here to Bendel in New York, Stockmann in Helsinki, the Globus chain in Switzerland. "I know my way around these days," says Serena. "It makes me feel very old."

Photographs by Duc

Hair by Didier of Jean-Louis David of Paris.

TARTAN by Electric Fittings. Left, dungarees buttoned at either side, £28, Harrods Way In. Beret by Tiffers, £4. Miss Selfridge shops; shirt, £6. Brogues; rubber boots, £6.75, Simpson, Piccadilly.

TARTAN by Foale & Tuffin. Right, pinafore dress, the bodice buttoned at either side, £15.50, Harrods, London. Image, Bath: Vicky, Cobham; Go to Jericho, Orford. Shirt by Foale & Tuffin, £10. Harrey Nichols; beret, £4.40 and lunchbox, £3.85, Mr Freedom; Mary Quant's tights, 75p, Peter Robinson; clogs, £3.15, Mr Wik.



The Charcuterie in Harrods' New Food Halls

KEEPING UP

With Glows and Glossamers, the cosmetic world never rests. Just as we get used to gels (and pink-stained finger tips), they come up with Glows and Glossamers.

Estée Lauder is the Glossamer user. For her, the 1971 face will glisten, and her glossamers are to give lips "a high intensity shine." They come in small pale blue pots or in lipstick tubes in pale blue and gold, all packed in the Fresh Air way of pale coffee, pale blue,

white and navy. There are eight colours each in the pots and lip sticks, from a clear gloss to Wild Grape and Chestnut. (Pots, £1.20; sticks, £1.30.)

Charles of the Ritz is the Glow king. In cream or liquid, their Reversence Moisture glow is a moisturiser combined with colour, and it does what they say it will do—give your skin a soft warm glow and the busy lady one less thing to have to do. It comes in three colours, the liquid, £3.45, the cream, £3.45, but not till September.

For glow Estée Lauder has Face

and Cheek Tints, a "glide-on rouge" which combines gel and cream. In six colours, a jar is £2. For glow, Charles of Ritz have packed their ClearGel (not finger-staining, they say) in compact form and call them Cheek Pommades. In four colours and cased in marbled pink, £1.75.

For gloss, Charles of the Ritz have Pommades for lips and eyes. For lips, there are transparent ClearGel lipsticks "for sheer glisten," in five colours, £1.10. For eyes there are Eye Shadow Pommades, in four shades, £1.45.

Personal

continued from page 24

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CRETE

CRETE, as Icarus might have seen it, looks like a benevolent sea-monster with a shark's tail swimming for all its worth away from the coast of Turkey. The back end, that is east from Iraklio to Sitia and beyond, has the remains of all that mattered most in the Minoan world—Knossos, Phaestos, Gortyna and Malia; it has Crete's only really luxurious hotel (Minoas Beach), a complex of dignified white cottages superbly sited on the edge of a sheltered bay and the international airport which is now served by BEA who fly direct from London to Iraklio every Friday evening.

The best roads, most of the fertile land—excluding the dazzling plain of windmill—and the lion's share of Crete's still-small tourist trade are also in the east. So is the Iraklio Museum, for me the most compulsive indoor viewing in the Mediterranean.

Crete west of Iraklio is wilder and poorer, more primitive and more private. It is Kazantzakis' "Freedom or Death" country. Mountains and gorges, caves, isolated monasteries and goat-track communications have provided crude natural protection for guerrilla resistance to two centuries of Turkish domination and

four merciless years of German occupation.

The monastery of Arkadhi in the western tip of the Ithra range is for Cretans the symbol of resistance. It is their Masada, a mountain fortress whose defenders, like the Hebrew Zealots, two millennia earlier, preferred mass suicide to slavery. In 1866 the women, children and resident monks of a Cretan garrison at Arkadhi dynamited themselves rather than surrender to the Turks. Of the original convent built by the Venetians in the middle 1500s only the facade has survived that battle. The rest is restoration. But what remains of the original structure has a classical elegance lovely to look on and all the more fascinating because such fragile beauty is so much at odds with the monastery's harsh surroundings and bloody history.

The upland villages west of Ithra are where you are still likely to see the traditional high boots, baggy pants, broad sash and black head cloth worn for work by farmers and shepherds; the formidable gorge of Samaria south of the great high plain of Omolios is the last natural home of the Cretan wild goats—*kr-kr* as they are called—but you will be lucky indeed if you see one. They live in the inaccessible mountain wilderness surrounding Samaria, one of the

COMPASS

deepest, longest gorges and wild-est walks in Europe (though not too wild for my colleague Dilys Powell who travelled through it on foot this summer, returning by the only other possible means of transport, the back of a mule. She will tell the story of that walk on this page shortly).

But western Crete is not all rock, grandeur and challenge. South of Rethymno, a Venetian harbour town with a Turkish air (and an ideal touring centre) is a stretch of arched country-side with steep green hills, well-ordered farms, giggling brooks and ageless white villages—a paradise for poets, botanists, lovers and early spring lambs.

Approaching the town from Iraklio (an hour's drive on the fast road, a day's expedition if you potter along byways and stop to explore villages) you pass through vineyards and orange groves and over the sweet-smelling honey moors where there are so many flowers that the bees must get dizzy deciding which one to suck. The air is heavy with the scent of blossom but never heavy because the sea is so near. Sometimes you see it,

sometimes you cannot because of the great green cliffs which dissolve every few miles into sandy bays. Some of the bays protect a huddle of white houses, some a tiny cane-covered cafe serving bathers with fish and wine. Some look as if no one had been there since Ulysses sailed by.

It is pointless to put names to such places. Anyone prepared to take the time to match place-names to marks on the map will with less trouble find another bay, another white village just as lovely for himself. It is what happens to you rather than where you go that matters most in western Crete.

I do not remember the name of the village where the chickens were scratching up the foreshore, where two tiny boys in a skiff were almost melting with pleasure because they had caught a spider crab, where the cafe is an extension of the most prosperous fisherman's kitchen. But I do remember the old lady who when she saw we wanted something to eat produced coffee, limpets, tiny raw artichokes and raki for tea. We consumed the lot.

I remember the shy woman in black who saw me one morning admiring the flowers smothering her cottage on a steep white washed street. She came out and led me by the hand into her living room, warm with rag rug embroidered hangings and fami photos. Sugared almonds and raw were served. I remember it sweet yellow wine and shiny yellow pastries which were the offering in a farmyard on East Saturday. We were watching boy ease the skin off a kid deftly as a bean would slip a glo off his lady's hand. A few minutes, and half a dozen eloquent gestures later, chairs were pushed under the apple tree and I family stood round enjoying our enjoyment of their hospitality.

Most of all I remember an heater, a sudden mongrel she dog and four shepherds in traditional garb who insisted on giving coffee and raki at 10 o'clock on a chilly, drizzly morning on a mountain between Chania and Chora Sfakion where we stopped to look for the local curd cheese. But I cannot recall the names of the villages and I did not want them down at the time. It seems irrelevant. You cannot gaze at hospitality. In Crete you do need to. Like the mountains at the sea, it's around you all the time.

Jean Roberts

CYPRUS

DANGER: grape juice on road.
—Autumn road signs around Limassol.

THIS is not, of course, a year-round warning. But if you're visiting Cyprus in the next fortnight or so, you are likely to find this unusual hazard. The cause is the Limassol wine festival and already the signs advertising the event are on every road in the south-west of the island.

I will happily add another warning: Danger—grape juice everywhere. Limassol is the centre of the wine-producing area and a few random samples quickly show that the reputation Cyprus has in Britain for producing only cheap and dubious sherry is unjustified: make no mistake, on the island itself there are excellent wines and some fine brandy (try, for example, Domaine d'Ahera, a fine red, the

Coeur de Lion rose and the White, Pink and Dark Lady range).

Indeed, if you can afford the time and money to call in for a few days during festival time, then do so. (Tourist night return flights by BEA or Cyprus Air Lines in September cost £108. In October it's only £99; at peak periods it's up to £157.80.) Cyprus has clearly a great deal to offer apart from the festival: not just the sunshine, not just history, not just good food and wine at very reasonable prices (pay £1.50 a head and you're a glutton).

"XENOS does not simply mean stranger; it also means guest."

—Man on the Nicosia bus.

GO FOR a snack in Cyprus... and prepare to cancel all appointments made for the next three hours or so. Whether it be for lunch or dinner, there is only one thing to do after a lengthy meal: retire to sleep (in the heat of high summer an afternoon nap is

certainly essential, for the Cypriot lunch will put paid to the best intentions of sight-seeing).

Hospitality can be almost as embarrassing as it is on Crete (which is praise indeed): even allowing for the tensions between Greek and Turk—still watched over carefully by the United Nations, the latest in less ubiquitous and unwanted in the line of invaders—there is only friendliness to the stranger: I'm sorry, the guest.

This shows itself partly in the restaurants. I ate one evening at the Greek Taverna in the walled capital of Nicosia, a splendid open-air restaurant with authentic Greek-Cypriot food and authentic Greek-Cypriot diners. I started, as usual, with the meze, a vast hors d'oeuvre of about 15 dishes which would be a meal in itself. The head waiter took the trouble to explain each particular dish and delicacy and was hurt only when I opted out of the mixed grill having followed the meze with a fish course or two and a kebab. Finally, because he couldn't see a taxi, he summoned

a friend to run me the few miles back to the Hilton Hotel—free.

And talking of eating, I would recommend also in Nicosia the vine-covered and lemon-tree-surrounded Lemonas—better-known as Charito's Bar—just a short step from Metaxas Square. And, moving 99 miles west either the Pelican (yes, there are two real pelicans there) or Theo's Bar (especially for fish) at the delightfully unspoiled west coast seaford at mis-named New Paphos (mis-named because its foundation date is sufficiently obscure for it not to be known). New Paphos, a stone's throw from Ktima, is a fine place to stop when touring from Limassol, past the RAF Episkopi cricket pitch to the Temple of Apollo, to Aphrodite's birthplace, to the Temple of the Kings, and for the overall historical bit of this part of the island.

The plain side can simply lie in bliss on the empty sun-kissed beaches towards Coral Bay, where you are disturbed only by the sound of the sea. Aphrodite, Goddess of Love, knew what she was doing when she chose the

sea off south-west Cyprus for her birthplace.

"BETTER to have loved a lost, than never to have loved at all."

—Tennyson

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Duncan Gardin

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HOMES

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SEVENTHURTING in London may be a relative joyride if you have £100 in cash to play about with, for someone with a mortgage of £10,000 price limit it is fast moving a nightmare. And the thing will probably get worse.

Experts reckon you need a year of at least £2,500 a year to anything like reasonable comfort. A couple of years ago, people were talking in terms of 30 a year.

It makes matters worse, fewer are selling houses these days as estate agents are punting. But precisely for these reasons, if you want to get on the property ladder, you must be prepared to pay for it. You must be prepared to pay for it. You must be prepared to pay for it.

Offers of around £35,000 are being invited for this villa, West Hill, at Marlow, Bucks. Hetherington, Sonnell and Secrett at Beaconsfield are agents. The house is reputed to have been designed by Sir Christopher Wren and dates from the late 17th century.

As quickly from Bedford as from some other suburbs like Edmonstone, this house will probably be less frequent and far less substantial, but the latter is nearly always offset by lower house prices for at least you get much more for your money and lower rates. Also you have a better environment in which to bring up the family. About £10,000 would probably buy something quite attractive in towns like Chesham, Bishop's Cleeve, Luton, High Wycombe and Reading.

Thirdly, you could look for something in a depressed but potentially up-and-coming inner suburb, a south London area, for example, no fewer than 35 properties on a recent list for sale at less than £3,000, and one or two for as little as £3,000. Naturally you can't expect the earth for this either from the property, the area, or its amenities. But you get grants from the local authority to improve the property.

There are several promising areas where, with good luck and good management, you can buy for less than £10,000. There is, of course, no guarantee that they will all come good. In fact if you plan buying in one of these areas, check carefully for points like a redevelopment threat. You increase your chances if you find somewhere adjacent to an area that has already arrived or is about to arrive. When prices reach a certain level in a fashionable area, interest nearly always slopes over to the district next door. Fulham, on Chelsea's western flank,



is the classic example. Agents Redfern and Redfern are currently handling a three-storey property in the Moore Park improvement area at £18,000. Only four years ago, similar properties were fetching £8,000 and some even less.

Transport is another point to look for in inner areas. There are few things better than a new Tube line for pushing up property prices. The Victoria Line north of Highbury is reputed to have added £34 million to property prices along its route. The southern extension is now on the same thing for areas south of the Thames, like Vauxhall and Stockwell.

Fairly easy access to any Tube line is a highly desirable feature (though Battersea, Greenwich and Croydon are notable exceptions) and 30 minutes travelling time from the centre is the recommended maximum.

One area to watch is Barnsbury, once the relatively unfashionable part of trendy Islington. Here prices are moving very quickly these days, but with luck you might pick up a terraced property for a little over the five-figure mark.

Kentish Town, sandwiched between fast-improving Camden Town and trendy Hampstead and Highgate, is beginning to show some remarkable price increases. It has good Tube links with the City and the West End. Victorian terraced properties are already fetching £8,000 to £10,000 (and some much more) though Stuckey and Kent recently had a three-storey property on offer at £4,500. Of course, it needed modernising.

Another area to watch is the Brook Green area of Shepherd's Bush/Hammersmith, which is just over the railway and motorway from Holland Park. And if you wanted to speculate still further, it does not take much imagination to see what a proposed new Fleet Line could do for places like Greenwich and even New Cross and Lewisham. Or a new Wimbledon Line for Hackney.

Finally, here are three practical points to mull over. Be prepared to compromise; you're extremely unlikely to get the property you really want. Be patient. If you're not, you'll have let-downs from owners, mortgage sources and possibly from unscrupulous agents. And above all, be quick off the mark if you spot something you fancy.

Michael Bartholomew

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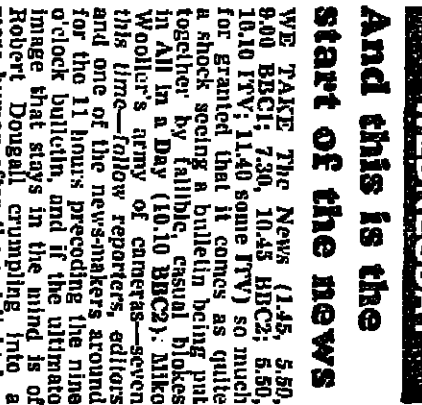
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1



gone out, there is much to be learned in the previous build-up.

The story Woolter covers most thoroughly is the appearance of Mrs. Jennifer Alkaitz before the Birkenhead Education Committee which is the subject of a television programme airing in Graviton. Up should mean her dismissal. One camera stayed with her, another camera filmed the reporter's, so there were three teams—a total of 12 people from the BBC alone, chasing her that day. Comparing the many people

will address be surprised at how much is staged. The protestors notwithstanding the hearing are clearly there just to be filmed. The apparently spontaneous quizzing at the Press conference is set up. Willy Brandt is filmed at London Airport wearing one of the costumes. The other is a gift from one for the reporters, another gift from one for the newswomen.

However, the prospect of the Rev. Francis A. Howard of Mount Rutland, Vt., preaching about the "Walden" movement from the pulpit of the Walden Presbyterian Church in New York City is to let Franks be the only one to tell Franks he is eccentric in the snow. All the other actors are straight actors. Angeli Baddeley plays a possessive mother who secreted him away in an attic during the last war where he is still at risk of puzzbombs. Jean Kenton is his partner in a ghastly attempt to make the slow of wits a respectable, the slow of wits a respectable.

Paul Temple ends an uneven run with *Chiller*. Yes! But by the Reddickians! (8.00 BCI) This small town where someone has torn out all Paul's detective stories—quite understandable, judging from his methods of working. Girl your teeth! One of the characters is a hippie commune leader. TV drama novelty.

TV always gets this type wrong. Judge what they are really like, see *Forrest*. Over America (8.30 BCI) and the cast of their performing 10 of the numbers. Those who prefer

Peep! Sells in the Public Eye

Gently can watch An Hour with
Jan Carmichael (0.35 B&C), an
episode of that dreadful Soap-
opera!

Marker seems to be in danger of duly judging by the dereliction of duty of the ending of the TV by Richard Sweets (9.00 PM) by David Harris. He is following Peter Smith's lead in following the one of the most believable actors on the screen, Bird's-Eye View representative Eastern Approach (8.00 BBC2). Stuart Hood's means to Britain's East Coast, Johnny Rocco visits Fiji in the sun (8.30 BBC2). Spilling in the Sun (8.30 BBC2).

[illegible]

1

And this is the

WE TAKE THE NEWS (11:45, 5.9)
BBC1: 7.30, 11.45 **HVC:** 6.50,
 7.00, 8.15, 11.40 some **TTC** so much
 a shock recall that it comes as quite
 together by failure to bring them
 In all a day (10.10 **BBC2**). Africa
 Wooler's army of cameras—seven
 this time—follow reporters, around
 and one of the news-makers at
 for the 11 hours preceding the mine
 o'clock bulletin, and if the ultimate
 Image that stays in the mind is of
 Roger Dougal crumpling into a

The story Woolley covers most thoroughly is the appearance of the British children's television character Mr. Muntz before the Birmingham education committee, which is to decide whether her appearance will mean her dismissal. Her camera stayed with her; another camera filmed the reporters so there were three teams—a total of 12 people—on the BBC alone, chasing her that day. Comparing the filming with the news as broadcast, many people

will doubtless be surprised at how much is staged. The protestors outside the hearing are clearly there

spontaneous quizzing at her Press conference is set up by Billy Branded, who's filmed at London Airport wears one of the reporter's, another, another, another one for the newscaster.

Ray Gatten and Alin Simpson have written the Frankie Howard Show (3.00 IVY). This should mean a lot for the reporters, but the automatic recommendation, but the automatic recommendation, but the automatic recommendation, makes one of their joint efforts, makes one of their joint efforts, makes one of their joint efforts.

However, the prospect of the Rev. Francis A. Howard of South Huttling, In-the-Wild preaching about them.

run with Celine, Yes! But *Thirteen* is a real-life story, not a fiction. It's a real-life story, about a library in a small town in New York. It's a real-life story, about a library in a small town in New York. It's a real-life story, about a library in a small town in New York.

up all that's detective stories—quite understandable, judging from his methods of working. Girl your teeth! One of the characters is a hippie!...commune leader. TV drama, no, no, always gets this type wrong. Judge what they are really like. First. Over America (8.30 BBC). In the cast of their performing. Most of the numbers. Those who prefer the

genuinely can watch. An hour with Ian Cunniffel (U.S. BBC), another episode of that dreadnought Inspector Father series, repeated, and half an hour of Cunniffel's favourite movies, which all turn out to be musicals.

[illegible]

David Mott, Am-
 methodist Church,
 State Me to the
 1.00 This Week.
 Concert, 3.00
 -Ingardo Felice.
 of Calistophora.
 One Way ticket by J. B. Kepp
 and The Road by Eamon Kepp
 10.20 The Singing Stars, 10.40
 Upon An Airy Upland, 11.10
 News Headlines: GAA Sports
 Results, 11.16
 Lineman, 11.45. Late News...

1

And this is the

WE TAKE THE NEWS (11:45, 5.9)
BIG BROTHER: 7:30, 11.45 (BBC) 6.50
 7:30-8:15 p.m., 11:40 some ITV so much
 as to get it off the air, and we're
 a shock force that it comes as quite
 a relief to see that it's coming back
 together by fallible means.
 In all a day (10.10 BBC2). Africa
 Wooler's army of cameras—seven
 this time—follow reporters, editors
 and one of the news-makers around
 for the 11 hours preceding the nine-
 o'clock bulletin, and if the ultimate
 image that stays in the mind is of
 a rooster Douglas crumpling into a

The story Woolley covers masterfully is the appearance of the British children's television character Jonathan Mance before the Birmingham education committee which is to decide whether her appearance will mean her dismissal. Our camera menbers in Growing Up should have been there.

—From the BBC alone, cheating her way through the interview, she has won the news as broadcast, many people

will doubtless be surprised at how much is staged. The protestors outside the hearing are clearly there

[illegible]

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Spoiling in the Sun (8.30 BBC2)

David Mott, Am-
 methodist Church,
 State Me to the
 1.00 This Week,
 Concert, 3.00
 -Ingardo Felice,
 of Calistoph.

One Way ticket by J. B. Kepp
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